

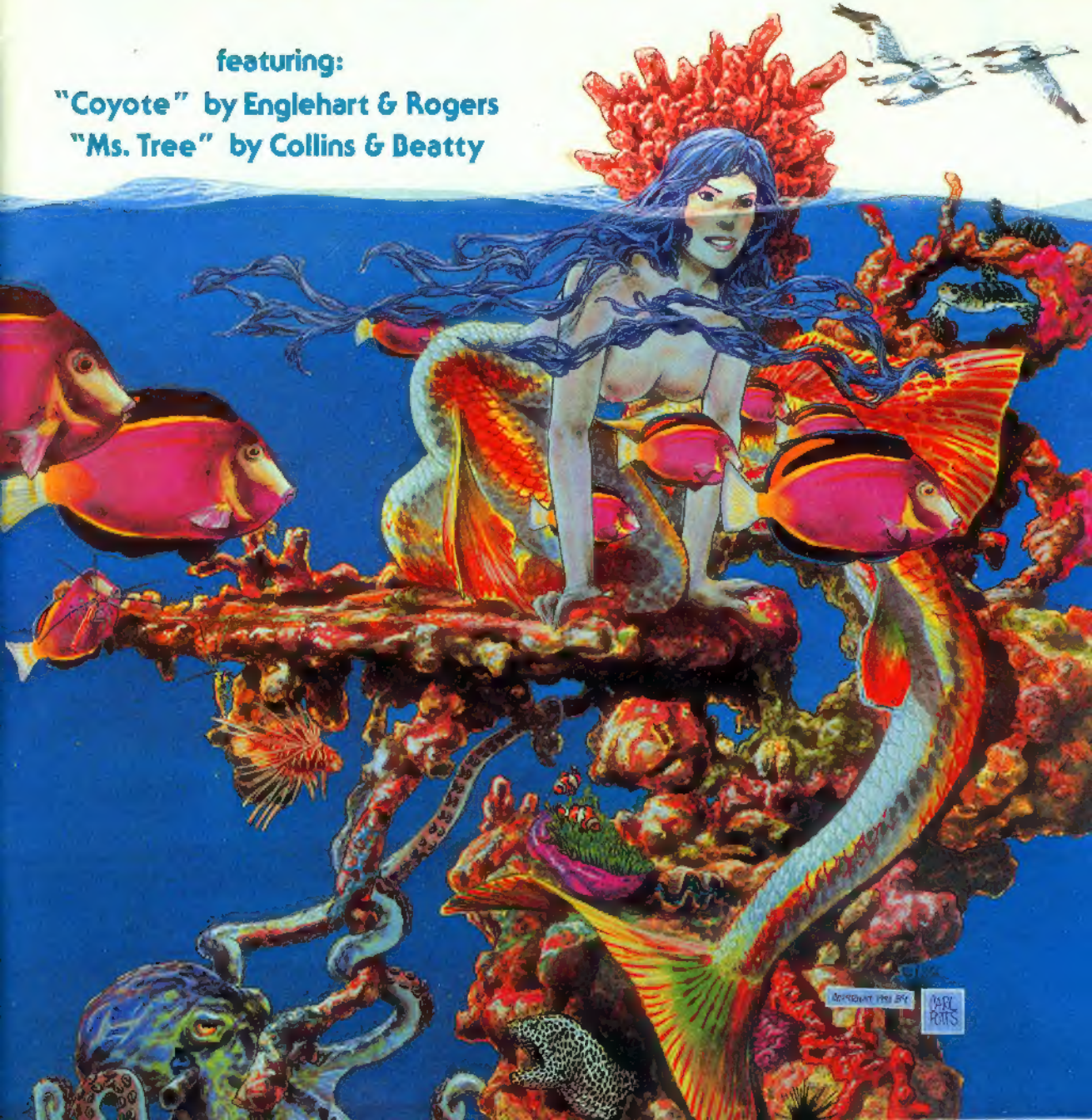
ECLIPSE



featuring:

"Coyote" by Englehart & Rogers

"Ms. Tree" by Collins & Deatty



TEN FANTASTIC PRODUCTS



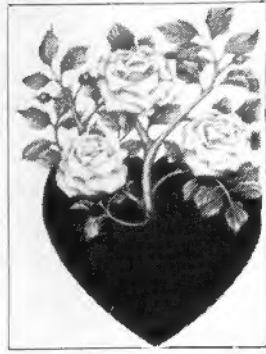
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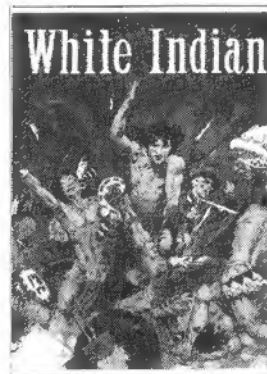
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The Book of Conquests—Jim Fitzpatrick. Heroic fantasy art with ultra-detailed border illuminations. The perfect companion to *The Silver Arm*. Trade paperback. \$8.95.



EDITORIAL

Some of you may be wondering why. If we advertised a Michael Kaluta cover for this issue, the cover this time is not by the noted Mr. Kaluta. Mike's original conception for the cover evolved into something much more complicated than either he, or I, anticipated. So, as we go to press, Mike is still working on the now more complex painting and it will appear on the cover of our next issue.

The mermaid illustration by Carl Potts that does appear as this issue's cover was originally intended to be for *Eclipse* #5. I simply switched the two covers around so that you see Carl's work first, and then Mike's.

If you react to Carl's art as I think you will, you're probably asking yourself: "He's incredible! Who is this guy?!" I was introduced to Carl about a year and a half ago by Steve Leialoha, who told me Carl had a multi-part story I'd probably be interested in seeing. I took a look at the first part of Carl's story—"The Last of the Dragons"—still in pencil form, and it blew me away. Unfortunately I had already lined up the series for *Eclipse* and had no place to put the story. In the time since, however, Carl has finished the pencils, Terry Austin has inked it, Denny O'Neil has scripted it, and Archie Goodwin (hi, Archie, you lucky devil!) has bought it for *Epic*.

When I ran into Carl again a few months ago, he showed me the illustration which is now our cover. Carl had done the piece on spec and it's the first cover of *Eclipse* which was completed independently and not commissioned specifically for the magazine. So that, as they say, is the story.

Some of you have also noticed that the contents of *Eclipse* have been steering away from science fiction and fantasy. It was never my intention to run much sf and fantasy. Not that I have anything against the genres (in fact, easily a third of my room full of books are sf/fantasy titles), it's just that there are many other places to get sf and fantasy in comics (*Epic* and *Heavy Metal* being two good examples). There is no other anthology comics magazine which isn't tied to a single genre. *Eclipse* is that magazine, and judging from your response, and that of the creators in the field, we're a welcome addition.

But don't think we're abandoning sf and fantasy, or any genre stories. Next year will bring a couple more magazines from *Eclipse*, zeroing in on specific genres. And that's in addition to the four-color comics we've got in the works: a 3-issue mini-series by Englehart & Rogers and a 6-issue run of (because you asked for it) Don McGregor's *Sabre*.

Until next issue . . .

Dean Mullaney, Editor



ECLIPSE

NO. 4 JAN. 1982

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Joe D'Esposito

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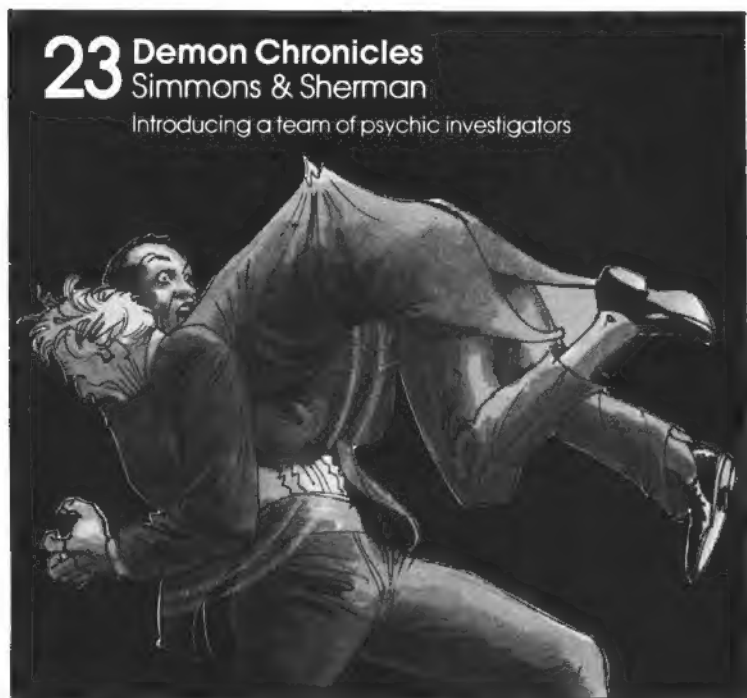
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Simmons & Sherman
Introducing a team of psychic investigators

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53 Ms. Tree Collins & Beatty

Chapter Four:
Ms. Tree stumbles on another murder and yet another mystery.

Detectives Inc.



© 1980 Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers

Mystery Magazine says: "**Detectives, Inc.** is a hard-hitting story told in brutally realistic terms...

"**Detectives, Inc.** is a dramatic book: It is tense and powerful and draws one into its action...It is easy to be attracted to a Captain America or a Superman, because he is a dream, an ideal. It is less easy to become attracted to a human being, and this is one of the things that Don McGregor and Marshall Rogers do here: they assert (and) show) that two detectives, the divorced wife, two lovers separated by death from their common object of passion and others, can be just as exciting, as powerful, as dramatic an ensemble as the Avengers or the Justice League of America."

Peter Gillis
COMICS FEATURE

"This book has it all: nudity, homosexuality, bisexuality, abortion, poverty, race wars...and murder. Yet it lacks one thing that typical underground comics revel in—and that's sensationalism."

WHIZZARD

"Like a raw, cutting wind of the golden age of the private eye, *Detectives, Inc.* is gritty, very human, good reading and an eye-fel."

Chris Steinbrunner, author of
The Films of Sherlock Holmes

"A solid private eye yarn with sparkling dialogue and two private dicks who care. If Culp and Cosby had been eyes instead of spies, this is what they would have been like."

Bob Randisi, author of
The Disappearance of Penny

"The writing and illustrations owe far more to the techniques of the motion picture than to comic books, with cross cutting and other film innovations used most effectively to tell the story of a murder with roots in a lesbian love affair."

Elery Queen
Mystery Magazine

"*Detectives Inc.* is a tour de force for writer/creator Don McGregor and illustrator Marshall Rogers."

It is one of the new breed of mature underground productions that places people and relationships ahead of superheroism and bizarre, horrific plots.

McGregor's Culp and Cosby type detective team

of Ted Denning and Bob Rainier live in a Philip Marlowe existence on the seamy side of 1980 New York. Although the plot is fairly simple, their lives are refreshingly complex and the two stories are well blended with the help of Rogers' excellent black and white illustrations. His use of light and shadow in the delineation of people and perfectly rendered New York locations mark this volume as his best work to date.

With *Detectives Inc.*, a new team of talented storytellers is born — one that should be writing new pages in the history of the graphic novel for some time to come."

Howard Zimmerman
Editor/STARLOG Magazine



ECLIPSE
ENTERPRISES

PRESENTS:

the continuing saga of

Coyote part 3

story by
steve englehart

art by
michael rogers

lettering - J. BERNARD JR.

HA! YOU ARE SLY, COYOTE!--FROM THE
ANCIENT, ENDLESS LEVEL PLANE YOU
FOLLOWED THE UNDERLING TO ITS NEST--

--THERE THE SPOOR GREW
THICKER, AND YOU FOUND
THIS BEAUTIFUL PAWV!

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
AND A PACK LEADER!
SHE MUST BE MUCH
SLY-- BUT SHE
SUSPECTS NOTHING!

AH!--
BE HUMBLE, COYOTE! YOU
HAVE ATTRACTED YOUR
PREY--! BUT ALL
GREAT COUPS REQUIRE
CAREFUL FOREPLAY!

HA! I AM
MOST SLY--



--SO YOUR FAMILY LIVES
IN CUERNAVACA, DIEGO?

LOVELY PLACE!

INDEED IT IS, PHYLLIDA! BUT THE GAMBLING THERE IS MUCH
LESS LOVELY THAN HERE IN THIS DISNEYLAND FOR ADULTS!

IF IT IS A CURSE TO BE BORN
RICH, I MUST BE TRUE TO MY FATE,
AND DWELL AMIDST LUXURY!

DEEPLY AMID
LUXURY, AT ALL
TIMES!

ORDER ANOTHER
ROUND, WILL YOU?
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

COLONEL? RUN A THOROUGH CHECK ON
ONE DIEGO CALDERON, SON OF JOSE-
MARIE CALDERON OF CUERNAVACA!
HAIR AND EYES BROWN, WEIGHT 176,
HEIGHT 6'1", AGE APPROXIMATELY 22!

I WANT A PHOTO
BY TOMORROW
MORNING, BUT I
WANT PARTICULARS
BY MIDNIGHT!

NO PROBLEM,
PHYLLIDA!

IT BETTER NOT BE!

A GIRL CAN'T
BE TOO CAREFUL
THESE DAYS...

And so the night rolls on...

...WITH THE DINNER SHOW
AT THE RIVIERA...

...AND THE ROULETTE TABLES AT THE SANDS
...WHERE IT'S PHYLLIDA'S TURN TO WIN...

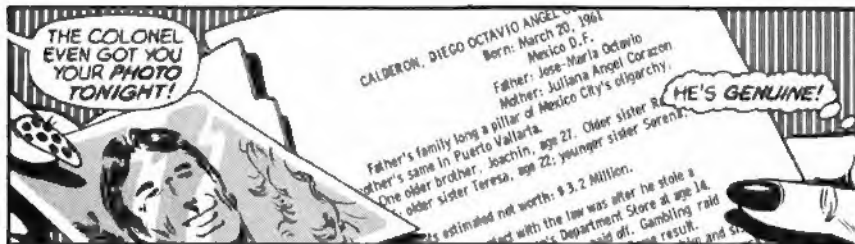
...AND THE DANCE FLOOR AT
KING WISDOM SOUTH...!

...AND AT PRECISELY A
QUARTER TO TWELVE--

TWO YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE,
PEELING BACK THE BARRIERS...

PHYLLIDA!

THANK YOU
VIOLET!



SUCH A BEAUTIFUL,
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...!

I FEEL THAT
SHE CARES FOR
ME ALREADY...

AND YET SHE IS DEEPLY INVOLVED,
AND APPARENTLY A LEADER, IN THE
GREAT CONSPIRACY I WILL DESTROY!

IT IS
GOOD THAT
I HAVE NO
MORALITY--

--FOR THIS WOULD
CONFOUND A FULL MAN!

IF SHE MUST DIE FOR HER CRIMES IN THE END,
I SHALL KILL HER CLEANLY--BUT I WILL TORTURE
NEITHER HER NOR MYSELF IN THE MEANTIME!

I AM
COYOTE...!

DAMN!

PHYLLIDA--?

SORRY, DIEGO, BUT I WAS SO
CARRIED AWAY LAST NIGHT--

--I FORGOT
TO SET MY
ALARM, AND--

--I'M LATE FOR
AN APPOINTMENT!

I CAN DRIVE YOU!

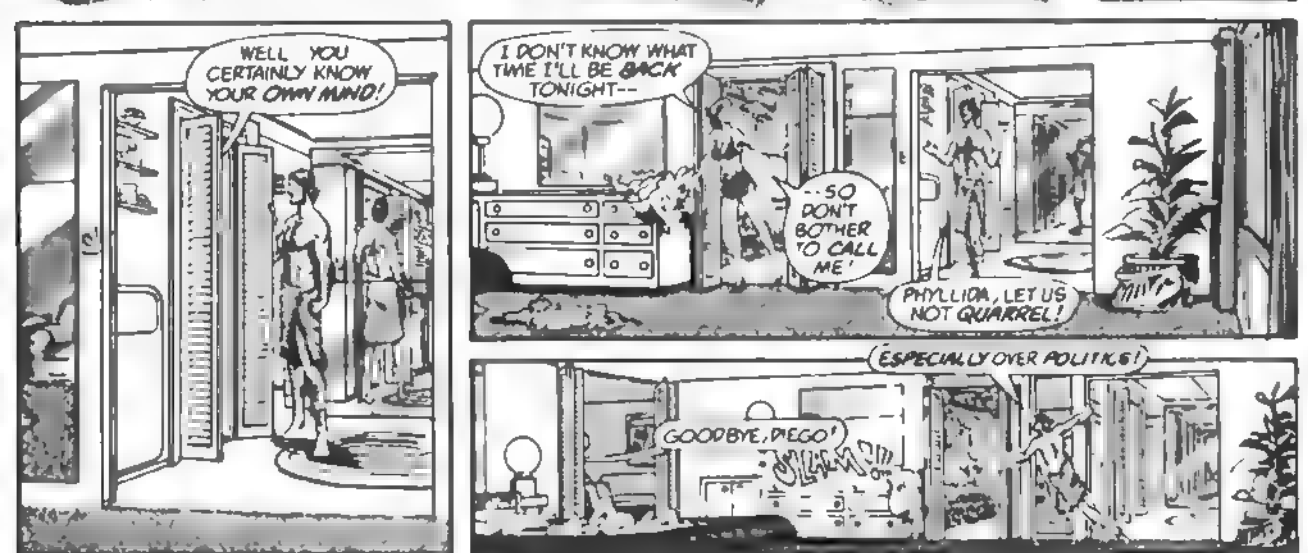
NO, THANKS
VERY MUCH!
IT'S PRIVATE!

HAVE WE SECRETS FROM
EACH OTHER STILL?

DIEGO, I LIKE
YOU, BUT--

--WE HAVE
A LOT OF
SECRETS
STILL--

--AND THAT'S
THE WAY I
LIKE IT BEST!





WELL, AS THE INSIDERS SAY--

--"FUCK!"



DOES A FROWN
FURROW THAT
UNMARKED
BROW--?

A FROWN--
ON AN ANIMAL?



EXPLORE
A39-A40

IF SO, IT IS
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR ANYONE
BESIDES
HIMSELF TO
BE CERTAIN!



THE DESERT--SHE'S HEADING OUT INTO THE DESERT!

WITH ITS VIBRANT
HEAT AND COLORS, IT IS
ALMOST TOO MUCH FOR
ME TO BEAR IN
THIS STATE!

I AM ENTERING INTO
THE GREAT SPIRIT--!

AND TO LULL THE LUST WITHIN HIM, TO
MAINTAIN THE CONTROL HE NEEDS--



COYOTE TURNS HIS MIND, ONCE AGAIN TO THE PAST!

WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?

LAS VEGAS
OVERWHELMED
HER, FATHER!
THE LIGHTS--
THE FLAMES--
AND MOST
OF ALL, THE
PEOPLE!

SHE KEPT HER VOW NOT TO
FEED UPON THEIR EMOTIONS,
BUT IT WAS SO HARD!



I TOLD YOU! I
TOLD YOU SO!

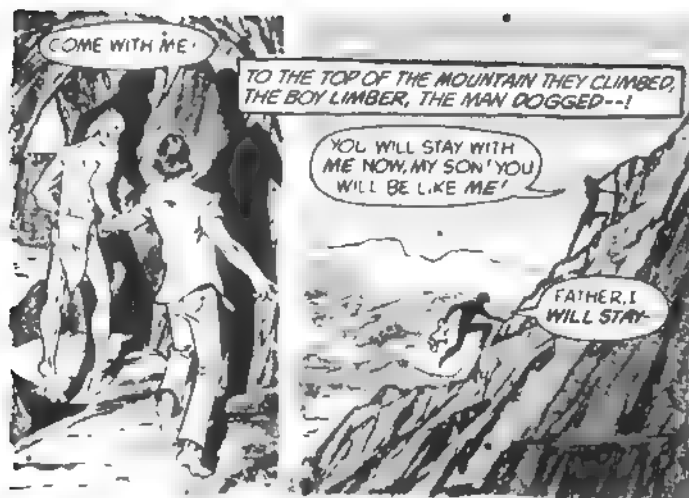
WE CAN NEVER GO BACK
TO THE INSIDERS' WORLD!
ALL HER TALK OF THEIR
PLACES AND WAYS WAS
NOTHING BUT CRUELTY!



FATHER! I WANT TO KNOW
IF SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

YES, SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT,
NOW THAT SHE CAN LIVE IN
PURITY ONCE MORE! SHE
JUST NEEDS REST!

BUT
YOU--!



COME WITH ME!

TO THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN THEY CLIMBED,
THE BOY LIMBER, THE MAN DOGGED--!

YOU WILL STAY WITH
ME NOW, MY SON! YOU
WILL BE LIKE ME!

FATHER, I
WILL STAY!



BUT I CANNOT BE
LIKE YOU! I AM NOT
ONE OF THE WERE-MEN!

NO--
BUT YOU CAN
LEARN THE LAST
OF THE WERE-
MEN'S TRICKS!

WHAT I MUST DO
WHEN THE MOON
FLOATS HIGH--

--YOU CAN
LEARN TO DO
--WITH THIS!

PEYOTE--?

COYOTE ATE THE GREEN FRUIT! HE HAD EATEN IT BEFORE, TO CONVERSE WITH THE GREAT SPIRIT AND TO PLAY!

BUT THAT NIGHT AS HE AND HIS FATHER SAT IN THE THIN, SINGING BREEZE, AND WATCHED
THE COLORS GROW SUBDUED IN THE TWILIGHT'S TIDAL SHADOWS--

AS HE FELT THE GREEN FRUIT'S POWER SURGING UP ALONG HIS SPINE

HE KNEW THIS TIME WOULD BE DIFFERENT!

FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, I HAVE FELT THE PULL OF
UNEARTHLY FORCES....!

EACH NIGHT, THEY
OVERWHELM ME!
THEY TAKE ME--
TWIST AND TURN ME
INSIDE-OUT--

--AND I CANNOT RESIST!
BUT IN FORTY-SEVEN YEARS, I
HAVE COME TO BE FAMILIAR
WITH THESE CHANGES!

I KNOW HOW TO
DANCE BY MYSELF!

AND THOUGH YOU CANNOT BECOME A FULL COYOTE--

YOU, TOO,
CAN DANCE!

COYOTE'S WORLD WAS REELING! NEVER HAD
HE EATEN SUCH POWERFUL FRUIT!

HIS FATHER'S
WORDS WERE
BLUE!

TO STAND
WAS AN
IMPOSSIBLE
JOKE--

--BUT IT
SEEMED HE WAS
ALREADY STANDING--

--AND ALREADY DANCING!

AND THEN HIS
WORLD TURNED
NORMAL!

DANCE, COYOTE!
DANCE BETWEEN YOUR

MIND!

AM COYOTE!

AM COYOTE! I AM COYOTE!

I AM INVINCIBLE!

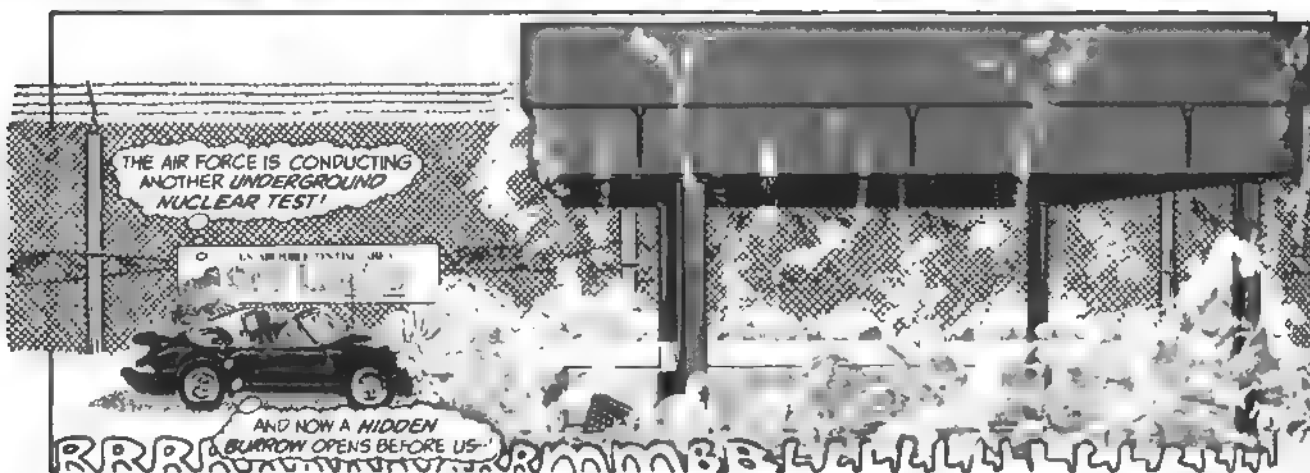
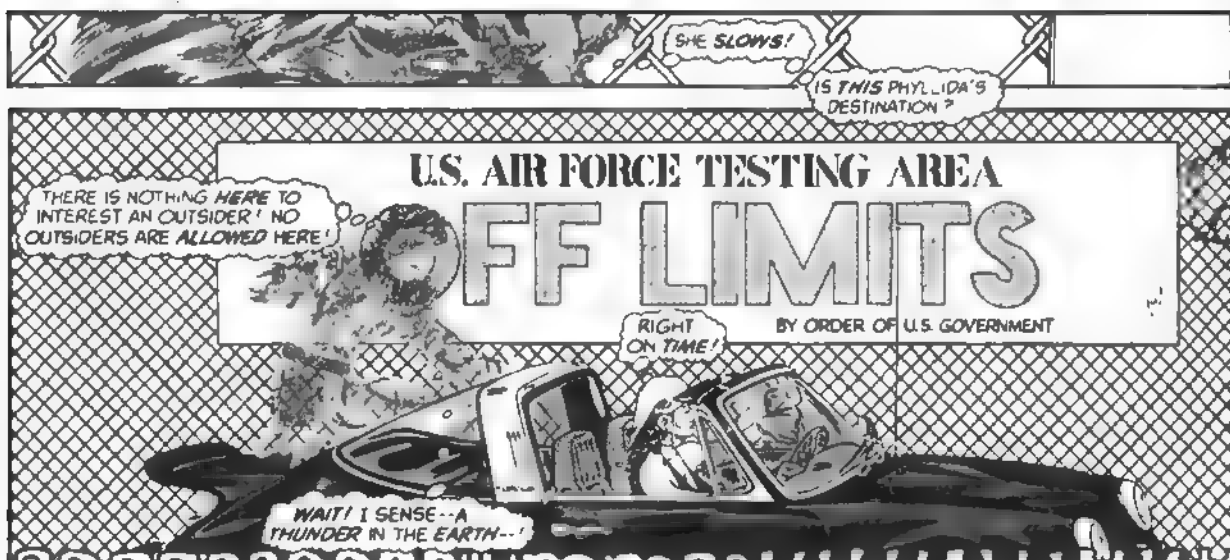
ALL POWERFUL! COYOTE!

AND YOU WILL STAY
WITH ME FOREVER!

STOP THIS! YOU MUST STOP!

MORYA--?







NEXT ISSUE

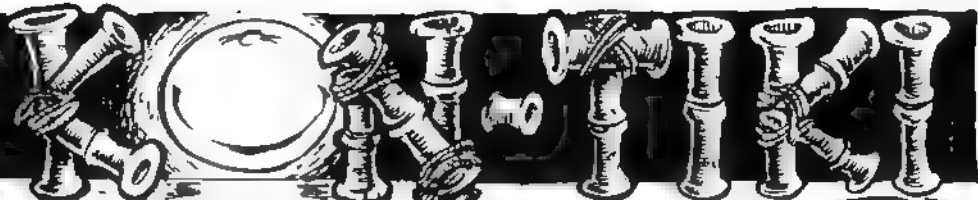


A BATTLE IN WORLDS OUTSIDE OF WORLDS

ECLIPSE (EVERY OTHER MONTH)

forgotten adventures on the

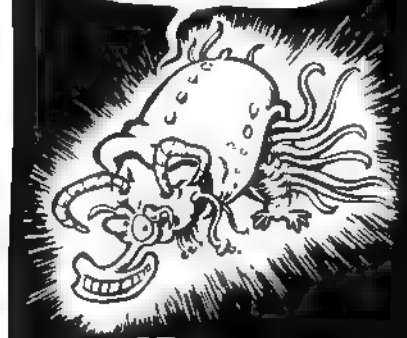
HUNT EMERSON:



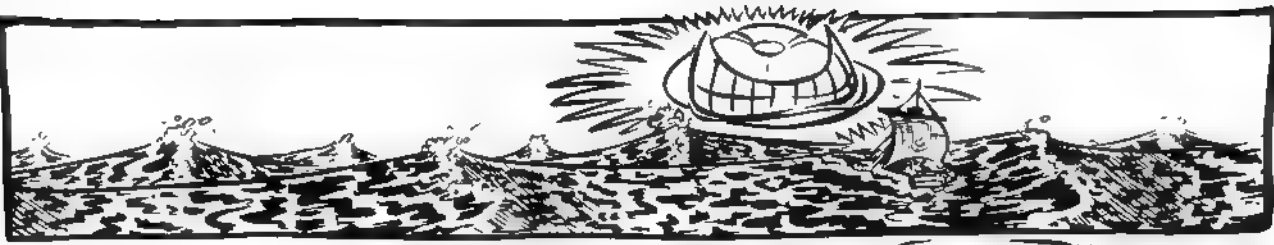
GOOD EVENING!
I AM A SPECIES OF
PLANGTONG, AND AS
YOU CAN SEE, I GLOW
IN THE DARK!

ALONG WITH MY COUNTLESS
BILLIONS OF KINDRED BEASTIES
(GO ON - COUNT 'EM!) I INHABIT
THE TROPICAL WATERS OF THE
PACIFIC OCEAN....

...AND, THOUGH TINY,
WE SERVE A VITAL
PART IN THE ECOLOGY
OF THE OCEAN..







GOOD MORNING!!
LET ME NOW SHOW
YOU THE OTHER
LIVING THINGS THAT
ASSOCIATE THEMSELVES
WITH OUR KON-TIKI!



FIRST, THERE IS
THE SEAWEED THAT
GROWS BENEATH US...
THIS WE EAT!



IN AMONGST THE
SEAWEED WE FIND
BARNACLES AND SUCH
LIKE, WHICH WE
ALSO EAT!



THEN THERE
ARE THE SHARKS!



WE CATCH THESE
AND EAT THEM



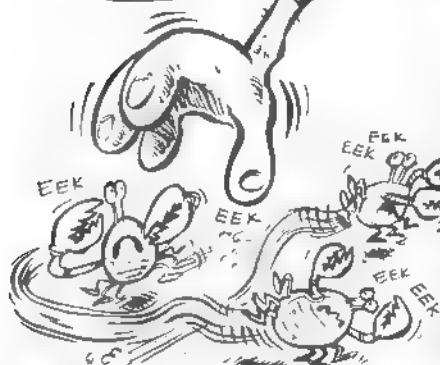
EACH MORNING WE
FIND OUR DECK PILED
HIGH WITH KAMIKAZI
FLYING FISH, SO WE
EAT THEM....

BANZAI!



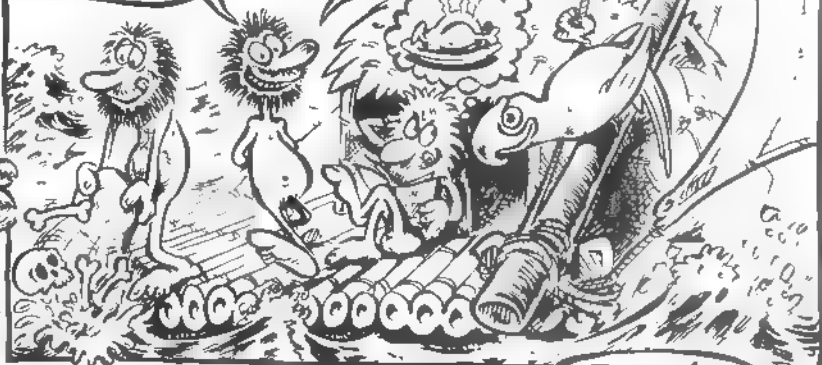
...AND THERE ARE
MANY OTHER KINDS
OF FISH WHICH WE
CATCH AND EAT!

THERE ARE TINY CRABS WHICH INFEST THE RAFT, WE EAT THESE TOO, AND VERY TASTY THEY ARE...



THE KON-TIKI IS A THRIVING COLONY OF LIVING THINGS IN THE MIDST OF THE OCEAN!

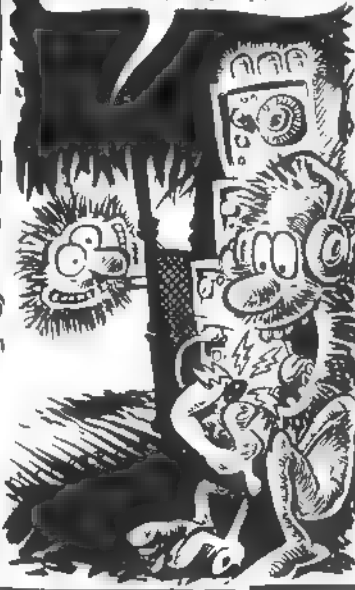
INDEED, THERE IS NOT A LOT ON THIS FLOATING HARDER WHICH WE DON'T HAVE A NIBBLE AT!



OTHER THINGS WE EAT INCLUDE THE COCONUTS WE BROUGHT WITH US...



...THE CURRANTS IN THE RADIO CORNER...



...THE SNAILS IN OUR SLEEPING BAGS...



THE RABBIT IN THE FOOD-STORE...



RABBIT??!



WELL, WELL! IT'S ALAN RABBIT (KNOWN IN POLYNESIA AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE WORLD AS BILL THE BUNNY)!



Paul Gulacy's **SIEGE**



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Paul Gulacy has won world wide acclaim for his sensuous and detailed illustrations. His award winning works, lush with cinematic grace and stark eroticism, have appeared in such landmark publications as *SABRE* and *EPIC ILLUSTRATED*. Now, Oracle Enterprises, Inc. is proud to present **SIEGE**, a limited edition colour print of Paul's best selling cover for *ECLIPSE* #1.

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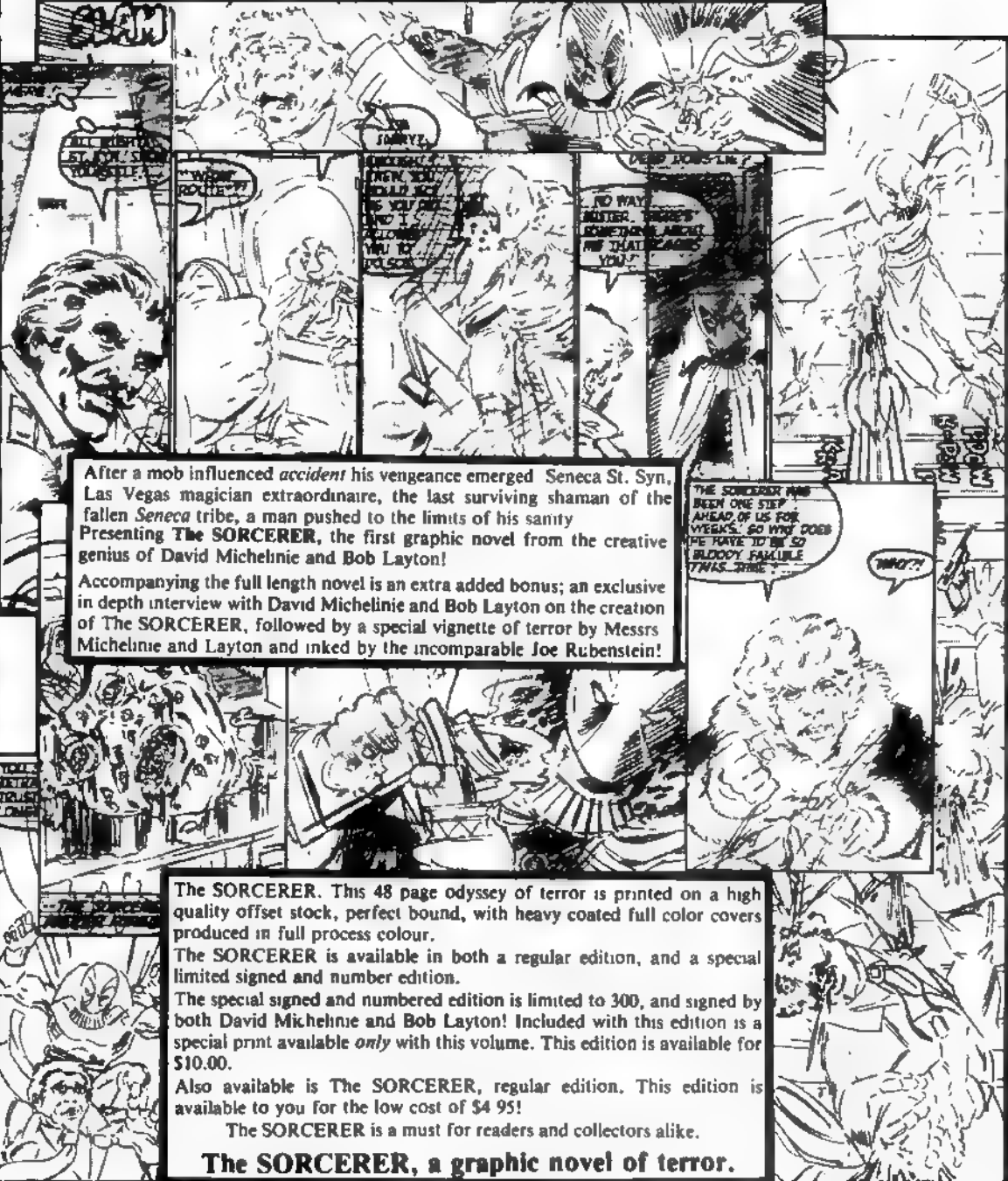
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The SORCERER © 1981 by David Michelinie and Bob Layton

TWO THIRDS OF THE OLD WOMAN'S THROAT HAD BEEN TORN OUT. LEGION AGENT, JAMES COLEMAN ARRIVED TOO LATE TO PREVENT IT, BUT IN TIME TO CHASE THE CREATURE INTO ITS LAIR... THE MUSTY BOWELS OF GRAND CENTRAL STATION.



I MUST STOP HIM HERE AND NOW! TOO MANY LIVES DEPEND ON IT!



MY FIRST MISSION...
... AFTER TWO YEARS OF LEGION TRAINING.
BUT I'VE GOT TO TRY MY WAY FIRST!



RANDOLF SINCLAIR! LET MY PEOPLE HELP YOU! THEY CAN BRING YOU THE PEACE YOU HAVE BEEN DENIED FOR SO LONG!



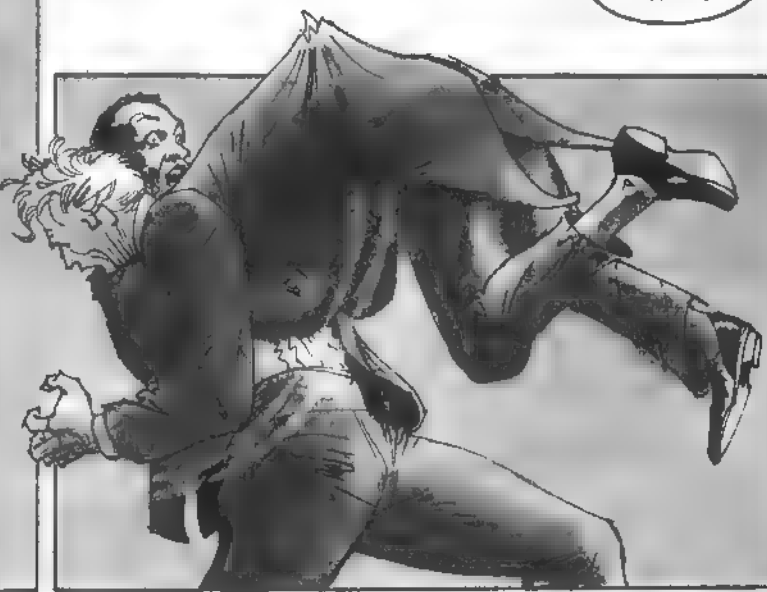
SINCLAIR! I KNOW YOU ARE HERE! LET ME TRY T---

YOU YOUNG FOOL!



YOU THINK I'D SURRENDER TO THE LIKBS OF YOU!!!







LAST NIGHT YOU WERE AN IDIOT!

MR. SUEZ, I-

THERE IS NOTHING TO DEBATE.

YOU WERE PLACED WITH ANITA AND HER TEAM.

BUT YOU WENT AFTER SINCLAIR ALONE!

AND WORSE YOU TRIED TO GET HIM TO SURRENDER!

I'D NEVER KILLED ANYONE AND NO MATTER WHAT HE WAS...

IN THE END JAMES... YOU DID DESTROY HIM.

SHOULD YOU FIND A TORMENTED SOUL IN THE FUTURE...

... MAKE VERY CERTAIN YOU HAVE NOT LOST YOUR TEAM.

A LONE WOLF DIES ALONE.

TOMORROW...

... WE LEAVE FOR WELLFLEET HARBOR.

WHY THERE ?

TO STOP ONE, NATHANIEL GIBBS!

JUDY KANE STROLLS PAST THE ROWS OF QUAIN'T SHOPS AND CAFES OF WELLFLEET HARBOR.

SINCE THE DEATH OF HER PARENTS, SHE SOMETIMES SEEKS THEIR LOVE IN THE EYES OF A STRANGER.

I'M RENTING THE MILLER COTTAGE FOR A FEW WEEKS. I'M NOT YET FAMILIAR WITH THIS AREA AND—

HI!

UH... S'CUSE ME?

I'M, JUDY.

HELLO, JUDY?

PERHAPS YOU CAN DIRECT ME TO THE POST OFFICE?

SURE! ITS JUST UP THE STREET. I'M GOING RIGHT BY IT. C'MON!

HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED HERE, JUDY?

MY WHOLE LIFE... 14 YEARS!

OH! THEN YOU'VE HAD ALL CHILDHOOD EXPERIENCES RIGHT HERE! FRIENDS, SCHOOL, CHURCH?

YEP!

EVERYTHING EXCEPT CHURCH, ANYWAY.

WHY'S THAT?

DAD'S FOLKS WERE RICH SOUTHERN BAPTISTS. MOM'S WERE POOR NORTHERN JEWISH. WHEN THEY GOT MARRIED DAD'S PARENTS HIT THE ROOF!

REALLY?

YEP!

ANYWAY, AFTER THAT CHURCH DIDN'T MEAN MUCH TO MY FOLKS. THEY MOVED UP HERE, HAD ME, AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHARLIE!

UH-- I MEAN, MR... UH...

NATHANIEL GIBBS. I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR PARENTS!

THEY DIED IN AN ACCIDENT TWO YEARS AGO. I LIVE WITH MY AUNT ISABELLE.

I'M SORRY.

ITS OKAY. BE SEEING YOU, MR. GIBBS.

YES, OF COURSE JUDY. BYE!

JUST THE RIGHT AGE, TEMPERMENT, AND NO RELIGIOUS TIES. YES, JUDY, YOU WILL SEE ME VERY SOON!

OUR SOURCE SAID GIBBS HAS DOCKED HIS BOAT IN THIS MARINA... AND THAT ONE FEELS LIKE IT!

CAN YOU PICK UP HIS THOUGHTS?

MY POWERS DON'T WORK THAT WAY. THE SUBJECT HAS TO FOCUS HIS THOUGHTS.

ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WATCH AND FOLLOW HIM 'TILL WE SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!

WHY DIDN'T YOU RENT A STATION WAGON?

OH? WHAT FOR?

SO I COULD SLEEP IN BACK WHILE YOU WATCH. JUST A L'IL COMFORT Y'KNOW?

ANITA, SUCK ON AN EGG.

FOG SCARES ME.

YOU ?? SCARED ??

YEAH, THAT A ... PROBLEM FOR YOU?

NO. I FIGURED BEING WITH THE LEGION SO LONG YOU'D GET... I MEAN YOU'VE SEEN SO MUCH!

YEAH! A LOT OF PAIN AND HORROR BUT I HAVEN'T COME TO LOVE IT!

LOVE IT, NO! BUT THE FEAR... DOESN'T IT GO AWAY?

LOOK! LEAVING THE BOAT!

20 MINUTES LATER...

THERE'S THEIR PARKED CAR. DO YOU SEE THEM?

HEY! THEY'VE PUT ON ROBES AND ARE TOTING ARTILLERY!

THEY'RE GOING BEHIND THAT HOUSE! LET'S MOVE!



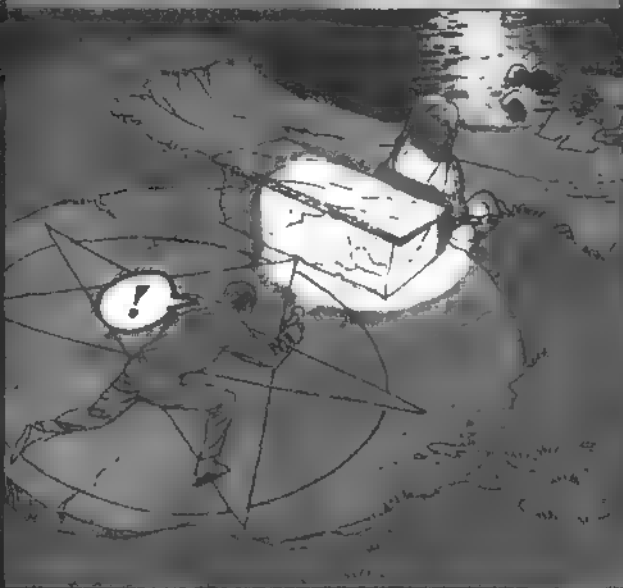


THEY MUST BE
HEADING FOR
TRURO OR
PROVINCETOWN.

NO! THEY'RE
TURNING OFF
THE HIGHWAY
TOWARD
LONGNOOK
BEACH!

EITHER THEY DON'T KNOW
I'M FOLLOWING THEM
OR THIS IS A TRAP!

BUT I CAN'T
TURN BACK
NOW!



RIGGED
AND SET?

YEP.

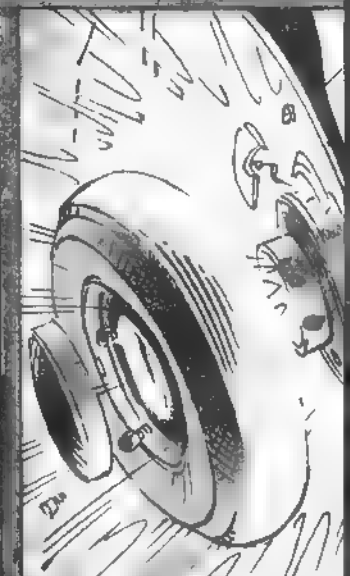
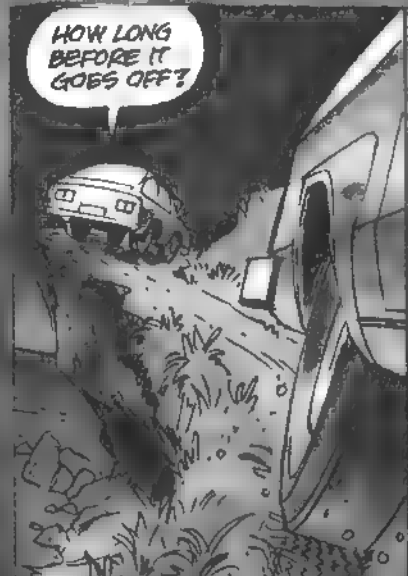
THEN LET'S
SPRING IT
ON HIM!



AN OLD
WELL?
EH-- WHAT
WAS
THAT?



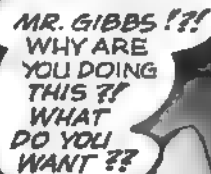
HOW LONG
BEFORE IT
GOES OFF?



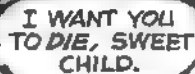




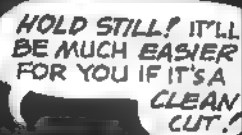
TAKE HER TO
THE WELL!



MR. GIBBS ???
WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS ??
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT ??



I WANT YOU
TO DIE, SWEET
CHILD.



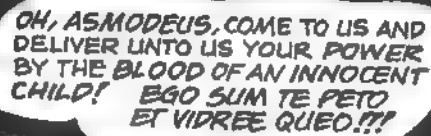
HOLD STILL! IT'LL
BE MUCH EASIER
FOR YOU IF IT'S A
CLEAN
CUT!



AH, THE
SACRED
WELL
WATER
AND THE
GIRL'S
BLOOD.



YES, MY...
LORD.



OH, ASMODEUS, COME TO US AND
DELIVER UNTO US YOUR POWER
BY THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT
CHILD! EGO SUM TE PETO
ET VIDERE QUEO!!!



BLASPHEMERS!
YOU HAVE FAILED!
YOU DO NOT HAVE
THE BLOOD OF AN
INNOCENT!

**YOU SHALL
ALL DIE!!!**



PHOOO!!
WHAT?? THIS IS
ONLY WATER!!

YOU!!!
BUT HOW??



**I JUMPED
BEFORE THE CAR
WENT OVER.**



JUDY!
WHAT—
MY GOD???

STAY WITH JUDY!
ISABELLE!

I'LL TAKE IT FROM
HERE, JAMES!

ANITA!

BY CROSS
OF IRON!
BY THE
LIGHT OF RA!
I SPIT
ON YOUR
NAME!
RETURN TO
THE KINGDOM
OF THE
DAMNED !!!

DID I
REALLY
SEE A
DEMON ?!

YES, BUT
YOU'LL FORGET
ABOUT IT.

NO!
NEVER!

YES! YOU
BOTH WILL
FORGET
NOW!

WHEW!
NICE WORK,
LADY!

YOU O.K.,
BABY?

THEY WERE
GOING TO CUT
OFF MY HEAD!
BUT SOME MAN
KILLED THEM
INSTEAD!

30 MINUTES LATER THE REAL WORLD ARRIVES. FOR JUDY AND ISABELLE, THE HORRORS OF THIS NIGHT HAVE VANISHED WITH JAMES AND ANITA. IN THEIR WAKE IS LEFT A NEW AWARENESS OF MUTUAL CARE.

SOMEWHERE JAMES AND ANITA CONTINUE THE HUNT FOR TORMENTED SOULS AND DEMONS IN THE DARK... AND IN THEMSELVES. THE END.

HEY! HEY!!!
QUIT
CROWDING!!

OUTA TH'WAY!!
A LIL' ELBOW ROOM
HUNH, PLEASE !?!

WHY DONT YOU GUYS
JUST SHUT UP!!

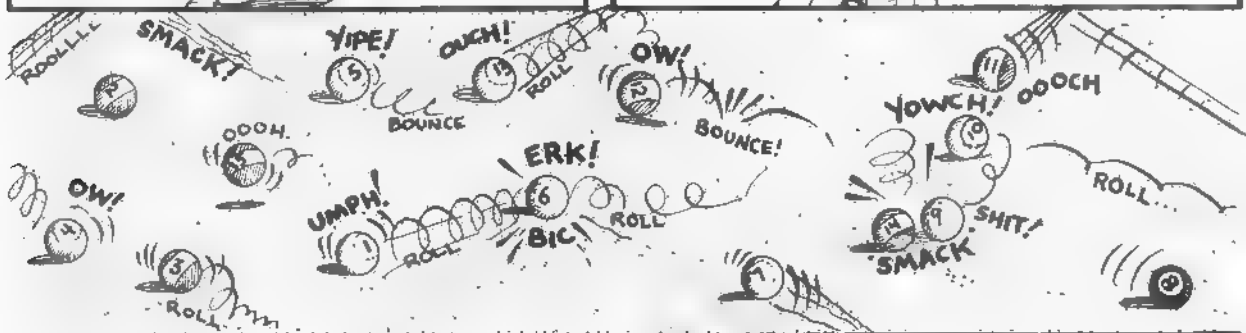
DIRTY POOL

by
Ripp
© 1981

RELAX!
THERES NOTHING WE
CAN DO ABOUT IT!!

BRACE UP BOYS!!

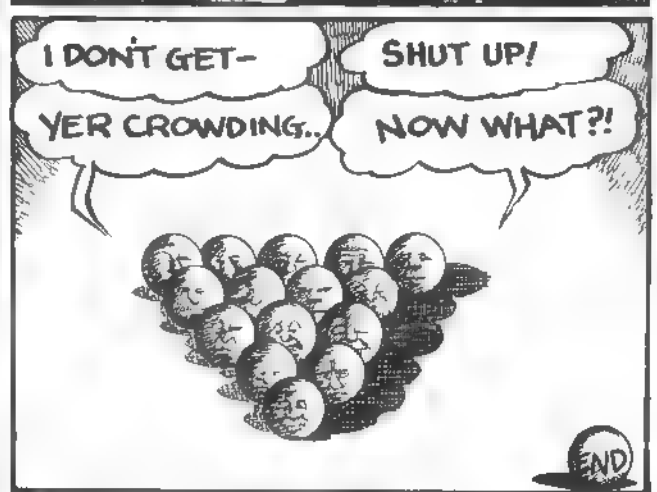
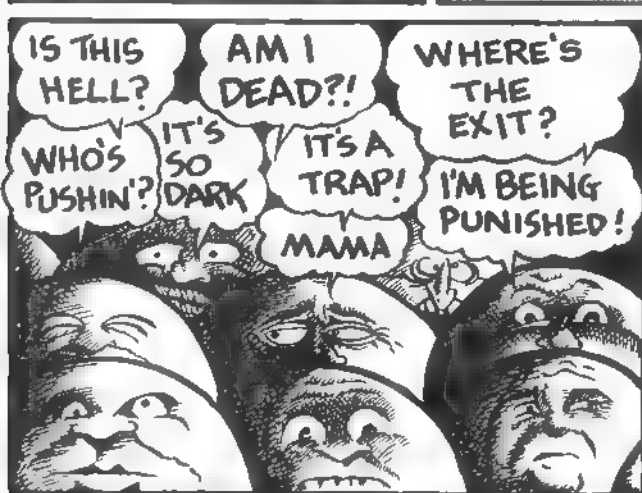
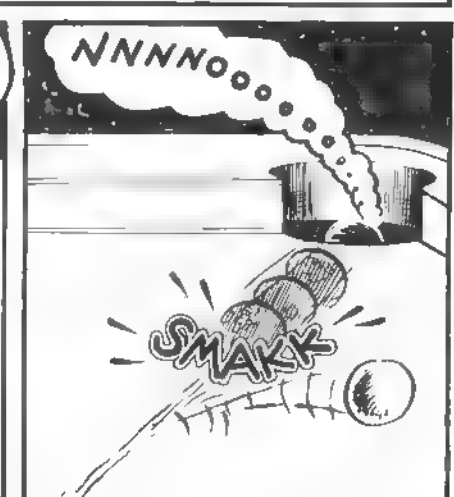
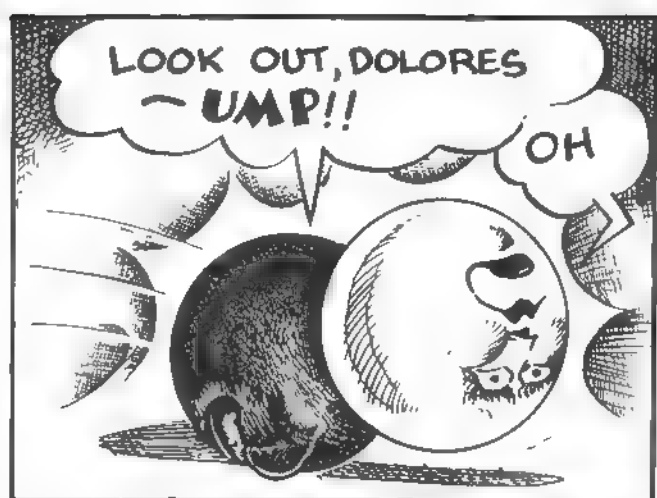
WHAPPP!!



LOOK OUT, WILL YA ?!!

HEY, PHIL.....

DON! HOW ARE YOU, PAL !?!
I HAVENT SEEN YI---AIEEEEE!



This is for Fritz Leiber and Charles Beaumont who knew all about good luck charms and for Doug and Debbie Mench, who were there during the dark times.

● A FISTFUL OF GRAVEYARD DIRT

Written by Don McGregor
Illustrated by Billy Graham

The thing was, at the age of 17, my buddy, Barney Bernbaum, was not consumed by visions of adventure nor the possibilities of life

He was already enrolled in a Banker's Trainee Program at our High School, and his passion was mostly limited to three piece suits and high finance, except on Fridays when we would play High-Low-Jack or go to the drive-in movie.

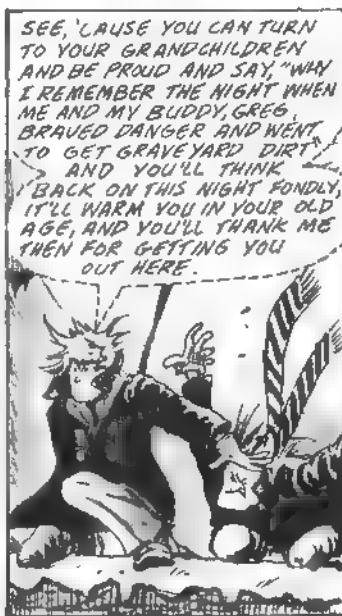
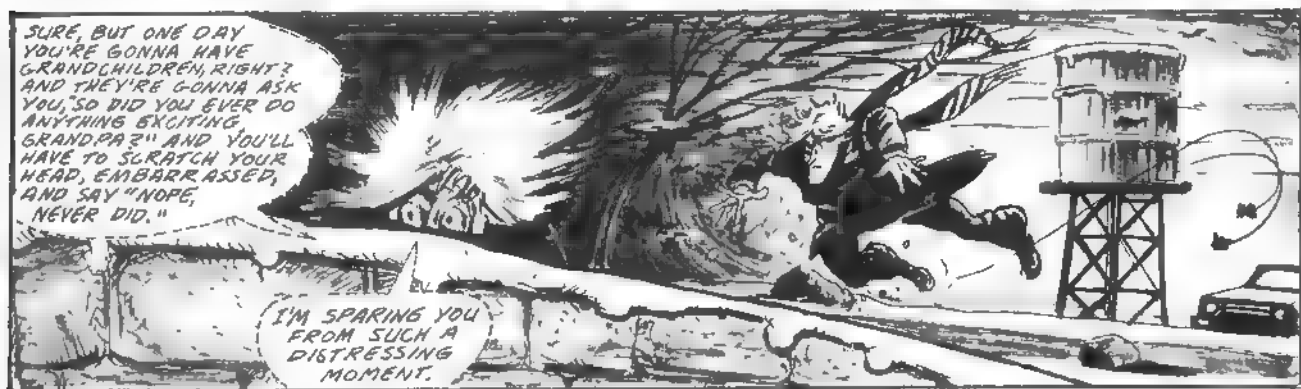
It was the drive-in movie, actually, that got us out to the old cemetery atop Wichita Hill.

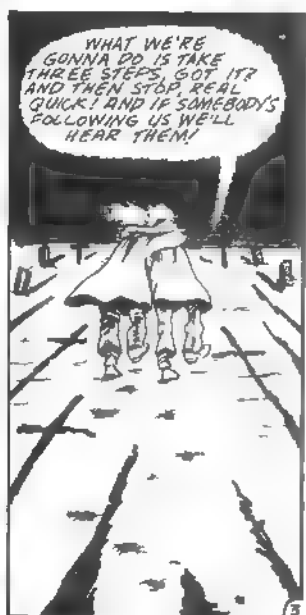
At a dusk-to-dawn horror revival we had seen a movie called Burn Witch Burn wherein this guy who did not believe in the supernatural had to start believing in it or his wife would die, and to save her he had to make a good luck charm out of all kinds of gunk, the only one of which I really remember needing being... graveyard dirt

I had to do a hell of a lot of talking to convince Bernbaum that we needed a good luck charm and that he should drive out to the cemetery at midnight to obtain some sacred graveyard dirt

Bernbaum had the car; I had the ideas











SAX ROHMER'S DOPE

ADAPTED AND ILLUSTRATED by
TRINA ROBBINS

AT SIX-THIRTY THAT MORNING MARGARET HALLEY WAS AROUSED BY HER MAID, AND SITTING UP IN BED SHE LOOKED AT THE CARD WHICH THE SERVANT HAD BROUGHT TO HER.

CHAPTER THREE A Star is Born ~ and Falls

OH, DEAR, WHAT AN APPALLINGLY EARLY VISITOR TELL INSPECTOR KERRY THAT I SHALL NOT BE LONG.



Chief Inspector Kerry
CID
New Scotland Yard SW 1

FIVE MINUTES LATER MARGARET ENTERED HER CONSULTING-ROOM

GOOD MORNING, INSPECTOR. I WAS EXPECTING YOU.

REALLY, MISS? THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE COME ABOUT?

I THINK SO. IS IT ABOUT - SIR LUCIEN PYNE?



WELL, IT CONCERNS HIM CERTAINLY. I'VE BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH MR MONTE IRVIN'S BUTLER, AND FROM HIM I LEARNED THAT YOU WERE PROFESSIONALLY ATTENDING MRS. IRVIN.

I WAS NOT HER REGULAR MEDICAL ADVISOR, BUT -

UPON YOUR EVIDENCE, MISS HALLEY, MAY DEPEND THE LIFE OF THE MISSING WOMAN.



I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, INSPECTOR. I WILL BE PERFECTLY FRANK WITH YOU.



"DAUGHTER OF A STRUGGLING SUBURBAN SOLICITOR, RITA DRESDEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN BEGAN TO DEVELOP INTO A SINGULARLY PRETTY GIRL, POSSESSED OF LARGE AND REMARKABLY FINE EYES, TOGETHER WITH A WEALTH OF COPPER-RED HAIR."



"HER MOTHER FANNED THE GIRL'S NATURAL VANITY AND AMBITION, AND RITA PROVING TO BE ENDOWED WITH A MODERATELY GOOD VOICE, A STAGE CAREER WAS DETERMINED UPON. FOLLOWING THE USUAL BRIEF 'TRAINING' WHICH IS COUNTED SUFFICIENT FOR AN ASPIRANT TO MUSICAL COMEDY HONORS, RITA SET OUT TO CONQUER THE PLAY-GOING WORLD."



"TWO YEARS OF HARD WORK AND DISAPPOINTMENT SERVED TO DISPEL THE GIRL'S ILLUSIONS. THOSE OF HER ADMIRERS WHO WERE IN A POSITION TO ASSIST HER PROFESSIONALLY WERE ONLY PREPARED TO USE THEIR INFLUENCE UPON TERMS WHICH SHE WAS UNPREPARED TO ACCEPT."



"MATTERS STOOD THUS WHEN A NEW SUITOR APPEARED IN THE PERSON OF SIR LUCIEN PYNE, WHEN HIS CARD WAS BROUGHT UP TO RITA, HER HEART LEAPED BECAUSE OF A MIXED EMOTION OF TRIUMPH AND FEAR."



"THE BARONET WAS A DIRECTOR OF THE SYNDICATE IN WHOSE PRODUCTION SHE WAS PLAYING"

"SIR LUCIEN'S PROTEGÉE OF TODAY WAS LONDON'S IDOL OF TO-MORROW. SHE KNEW THAT HIS CARD REPRESENTED A SIGN-POST AT THE CROSS ROADS WHERE MANY A GIRL, PRETTY BUT NOT EXCEPTIONALLY TALENTED, HAD HESITATED WITH BEATING HEART."



"NEVERTHELESS, RITA WAS DETERMINED NOT TO SUCCEMB WITHOUT A STRUGGLE."

"HER LESS FAVORED COMPANIONS SMILED SIGNIFICANTLY WHEN THE FAMILIAR ROLLS ROYCE APPEARED AT THE STAGE DOOR NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, NEVER DOUBTING THAT RITA DRESDEN WAS CHOSEN TO "STAR" IN THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION. RITA MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DISILLUSION THEM, RECOGNIZING THAT IT MUST FAIL. SHE WAS RESIGNED TO BEING MISJUDGED."

"THAT SIR LUCIEN WAS DEEPLY INFATUATED SHE WAS NOT SLOW TO DISCOVER, AND SHE SET TO WORK TO WIN ESTEEM AS WELL AS ADMIRATION."



"DURING A CERTAIN LUNCHEON AT ROMANO'S HER FATE HUNG IN THE BALANCE."

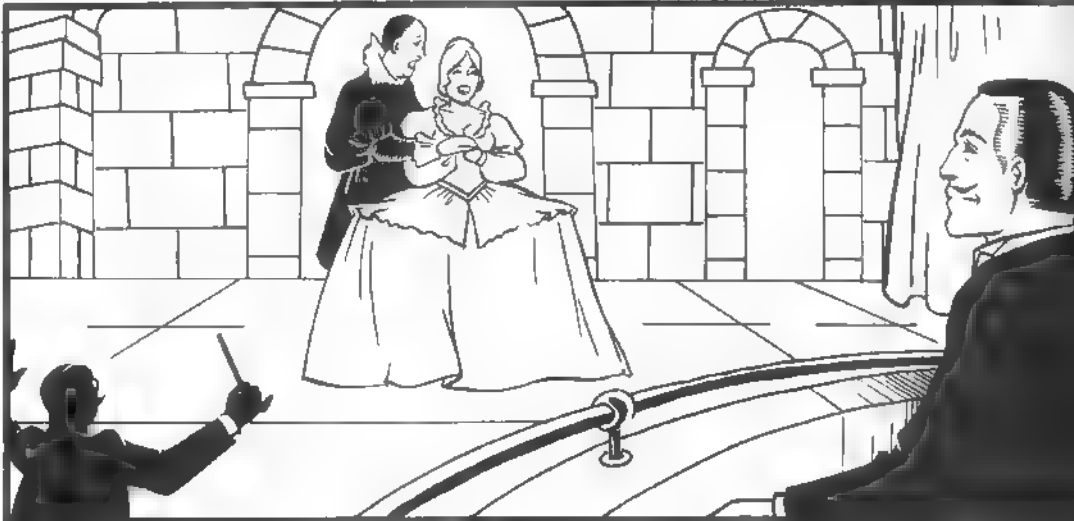
"I AM GIVING UP THE STAGE WHEN THE RUN FINISHES"

"INDEED! WHY?"

"I AM TIRED OF STAGE LIFE. I HAVE BEEN INVITED TO GO AND LIVE WITH MY UNCLE IN NEW YORK AND HAVE DECIDED TO ACCEPT."

"YOU SEE--MEN IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD ARE NOT ALL LIKE YOU. REAL FRIENDS, I MEAN. IT SN'T VERY NICE, SOMETIMES."

"THIS SEEMINGLY TRIVIAL CONVERSATION WAS A TURNING POINT, AND TWELVE MONTHS LATER, RITA DRESDEN WAS PLAYING THE TITLE ROLE IN 'THE MAID OF THE MASQUE.' SIR LUCIEN HAD DISCOVERED HIMSELF TO BE REALLY IN LOVE WITH HER, AND HE MIGHT POSSIBLY HAVE OFFERED HER MARRIAGE EVEN IF A DANGEROUS RIVAL HAD NOT APPEARED TO GOAD HIM TO THAT DESPERATE LEAP."



"MONTE IRVIN, ALTHOUGH CONSIDERABLY RITA'S SENIOR, HAD MUCH TO COMMEND HIM IN THE GIRL'S EYES--AND IN THE EYES OF HER MOTHER. HE WAS FAR WEALTHIER THAN PYNE, AND ALTHOUGH THE LATTER WAS A BARONET, IRVIN WAS CERTAIN TO BE KNIGHTED ERE LONG. MOREOVER, RITA LIKED HIM, WHEREAS SHE HAD NEVER SINCERELY LIKED OR TRUSTED SIR LUCIEN."



AND THERE WAS A FINAL REASON--OF WHICH MRS. DRESDEN KNEW NOTHING

"ON THE FIRST NIGHT THAT RITA HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH A PART OF ANY CONSEQUENCE, SHE HAD DISCOVERED HERSELF TO BE IN A STATE OF HOPELESS PANIC."

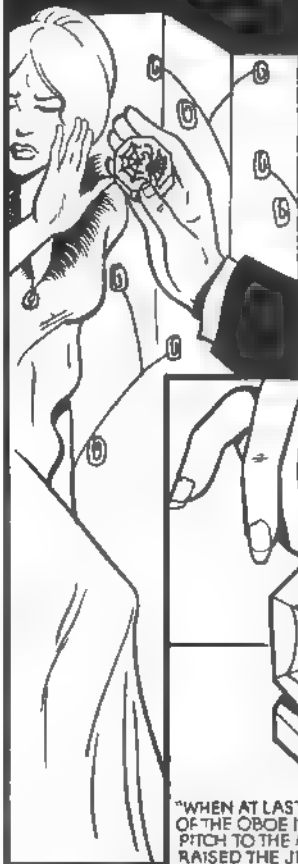


"SIR LUCIEN DETECTED HER CONDITION OF ABJECT FRIGHT..."



"... AND FROM HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET HE TOOK A LITTLE GOLD SNUFF-BOX"

"AT FIRST THE GIRL DECLINED TO FOLLOW ADVICE WHICH INSTINCTIVELY MISTRUSTED AND SIR LUCIEN WAS TOO CLEVER TO URGE IT UPON HER"



"NOT UNTIL THE CLOCK SHOWED THAT IN TWENTY MINUTES SHE MUST MAKE HER FIRST ENTRANCE DID SHE SUCCEED. SIR LUCIEN'S GOLD SNUFF-BOX LAY UPON HER DRESSING TABLE--AND SHE WAS TREMBLING."



"WHEN AT LAST SHE HEARD THE SUSTAINED NOTE OF THE OBOE IN THE ORCHESTRA GIVING THE PITCH TO THE ANSWERING VIOLINS, SHE RAISED THE JEWELLED LID OF THE BOX"

"SO SHE ENTERED UPON THE PATH THAT LEADS DOWN TO DESTRUCTION, AND SINCE TO CONJURE WITH THE DRUG WHICH PHARMACISTS KNOW AS METHYLBENZOYL ECAGONINE IS TO RAISE THE DEMON IN SOMNIA, ERE LONG SHE FOUND HERSELF EXPLORING STRANGE BY-PATHS IN QUEST OF SLEEP



"BY THE TIME THAT SHE WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE LEADING PART IN 'THE MAID OF THE MASQUE,' SHE HERSELF DID NOT RECOGNIZE HOW TENACIOUS WAS THE HOLD WHICH THIS FATAL HABIT HAD SECURED UPON HER. IN THE COMPANY OF SIR LUCIEN PYNE SHE MET OTHER DEVOTEES, AND FOR A TIME CAME TO REGARD HER UNNATURAL MODE OF EXISTENCE AS SOMETHING INSEPARABLE FROM THE BOHEMIAN LIFE. THIS WAS A SHADOW-LAND OVER WHICH SIR LUCIEN PYNE PRESIDED AND WHICH MUST BE KEPT HIDDEN FROM MONTE IRVIN



"KAZMAH'S DRUG STORE IN BOND STREET HAD FEW SECRETS FOR HER; OR SO SHE BELIEVED. SHE KNEW THAT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STRANGE, IMMOBILE EGYPTIAN WAS A SOURCE FROM WHICH DRUGS COULD ALWAYS BE OBTAINED; SHE KNEW THAT THE DREAM-READING BUSINESS SERVED SOME DOUBTLE PURPOSE; BUT SHE DID NOT KNOW THE IDENTITY OF KAZMAH.



"TWO OF THE MOST INSIDIOUS DRUGS FAMILIAR TO MODERN PHARMACY WERE WOOLING HER TO SLAVERY AND THERE WAS NO STRONG HAND TO HOLD HER BACK. BUT IF SHE HAD WALKED BLINDLY INTO THE CLUTCHES OF COCAINE AND VERONAL, HER SUBSEQUENT EXPERIMENTS WITH CHANDU WERE PROMPTED BY INDEFENSIBLE CURIOSITY. HER FIRST INTRODUCTION TO OPIUM-SMOKING WAS MADE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF AN AMERICAN COMEDIAN THEN APPEARING IN LONDON, AN OLD DEVOTEE OF THE POPPY. A CHANDU PARTY TOOK PLACE AT THE AMERICAN'S FLAT IN DUKE STREET, AND RITA MET THERE FOR THE FIRST TIME THE WOMAN VARIOUSLY KNOWN AS 'LOLA' AND 'MRS. SIN.'



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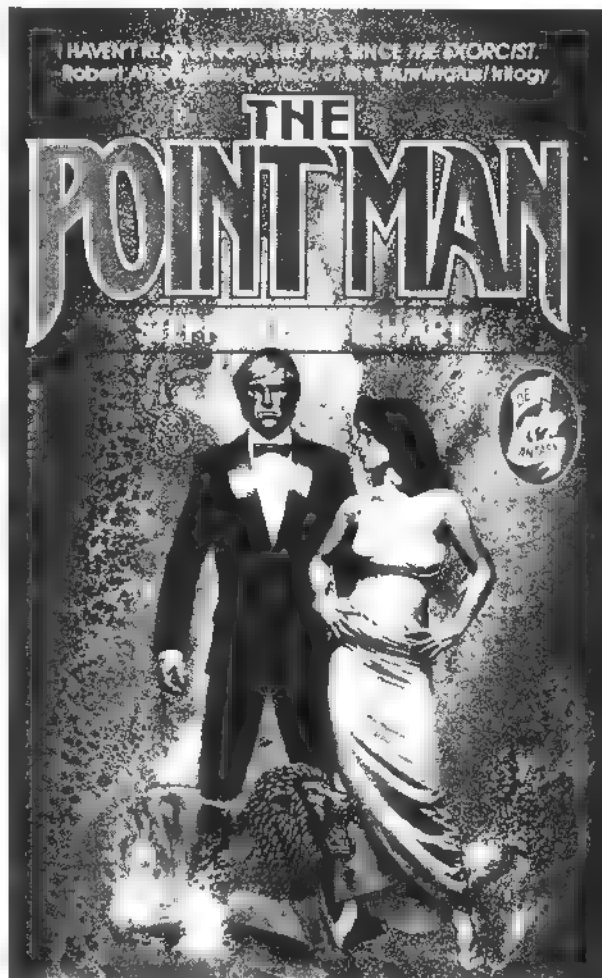
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A Victorian MURDER

RICK GEARY
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MY STORY TAKES PLACE IN THIS INDUSTRIOUS CITY ON THE MIDLANDS.



WE WERE QUITE WELLOFF—I WAS RAISED IN THIS HOUSE.



MY SISTER AND MYSELF: PERFECT YOUNG LADIES.



AND LIKE ALL YOUNG LADIES OF MY STATION, I WAS SENT AWAY TO BOARDING SCHOOL.



I RETURNED HOME, SUITABLY FINISHED, AT AGE SEVENTEEN.



THEN ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT TO MARRY SOMEONE.



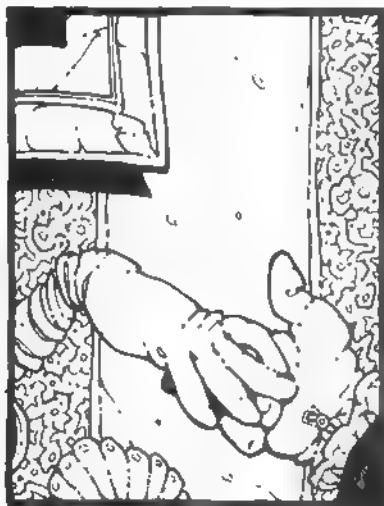
TO OCCUPY MY TIME, I READ VORACIOUSLY THE LADIES' FICTION OF THE DAY.



AND DECIDED TO HAVE AN ILLICIT ROMANCE...



I WAS NOT "FAST" HOWEVER,
AS WERE SOME YOUNG
LADIES I KNEW.



ONE DAY, THROUGH A FRIEND
I MET EMILE, A DANDY OF
THE BOULEVARD.



HE WAS ONLY A CLERK, AND
NOT WELL EDUCATED, WHICH
ENHANCED THE INTRIGUE.



WE BEGAN A REGULAR
CORRESPONDENCE—
AIDED BY GO-BETWEENS.



I KNEW THAT IF FATHER
FOUND OUT, HE WOULD
NEVER FORGIVE ME.



I MUST ADMIT THAT
I IMAGINED MYSELF A
HEROINE OUT OF FICTION.



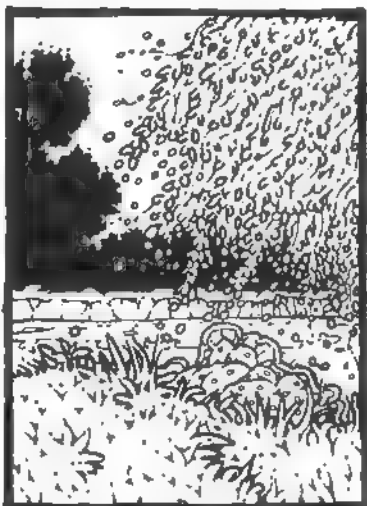
ON CERTAIN AFTERNOONS,
EMILE AND I MET SECRETLY
IN HIS ROOMS.



HE LOVED ME DEVOTELY
AND WISHED TO CALL UPON
ME AT HOME LIKE A REAL
SUITOR.



I ASSURED HIM THAT WAS
OUT OF THE QUESTION AS
FATHER WOULDN'T HEAR OF IT.



ONCE, WE MET IN A GLADE
AND I ALLOWED HIM TO
TOUCH ME BENEATH MY
DRESS.



AFTERWARDS, HE WROTE
THAT HE REGRETTED THE
ACT AND WAS SHOCKED
I HAD ALLOWED IT.



NEVERTHELESS, FROM THAT
DAY, WE CALLED OURSELVES
"ENGAGED."



IN THE MEANTIME, I WAS
INTRODUCED TO A
MR. THORNYCROFT.



HE WAS A WOOL MERCHANT,
AND, MORE IMPORTANT,
HAD FATHER'S APPROVAL.



IN TIME, I AGREED TO
BECOME HIS WIFE.



IT WAS THEN MY
UNPLEASANT TASK TO
INFORM EMILE OF MY
DECISION.



AS I EXPECTED, HE BECAME
QUITE UNBEARABLE IN
MANNER.



HE HAD SAVED MY
CORRESPONDENCE, AND
PROMISED TO SHOW IT ALL
TO FATHER.



AFTER THAT, I BEGAN TO SEE HIM AS HE WAS: A VILE AND IMMORAL SCHEMER.



SO ONE AFTERNOON, I SERVED HIM SOME ARSENIC POWDER IN HIS CHOCOLATE.



I WAS LATER TOLD THAT I HAD GIVEN HIM ENOUGH TO DISPATCH FIFTY MEN.



TO MY SHAME, PORTIONS OF MY CORRESPONDENCE WERE READ ALOUD AT THE TRIAL.



NEVERTHELESS, I DISCOVERED SENTIMENT WAS IN MY FAVOR.



MY DEFENSE PORTRAYED POOR EMILE AS A MONSTROUS SEDUCER AND FORTUNE HUNTER.



UPON MY ACQUITTAL, THE COURTROOM ERUPTED IN HUZZAHS.



HOWEVER, MY FAMILY FOUND IT NECESSARY TO MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY.



THERE I MARRIED, BORE CHILDREN, AND LIVED TO MY NINETY-SECOND YEAR.

M

"I, FOR AN EYE"

TREE

by **Max Collins & Terry Beatty**

Chapter Four

If a Tree Falls...



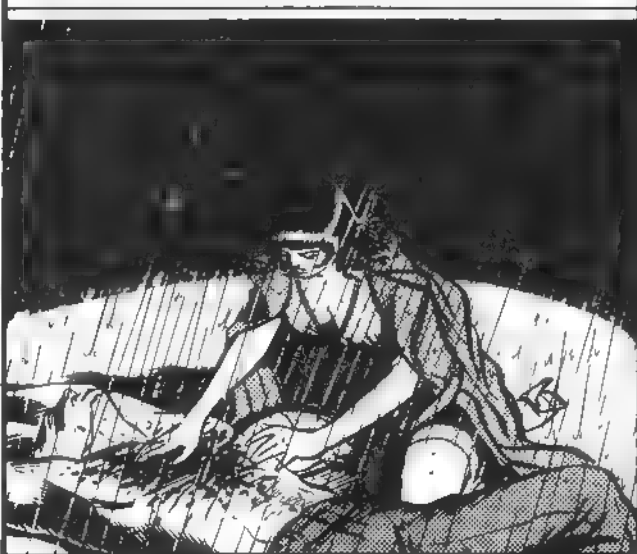
©1981
by Collins
and Beatty

NAMES... ADDRESSES...
PEOPLE I'VE NEVER KNOWN—
BUT YOU DID, MIKE...

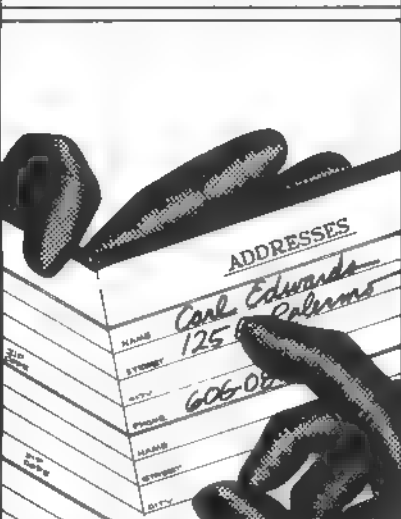
THIS BOOK - THIS LIST OF PEOPLE AND PLACES - IT'S THE ANSWER, MIKE, ISN'T IT?



THE ANSWER TO WHY THEY KILLED YOU THAT NIGHT, THAT RAINY NIGHT THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN OUR HONEYMOON...



CARL EDWARDS... THE ASSISTANT D.A. YOU WERE WORKING FOR, WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE -



THE MAN THE HITMAN KILLED AT THE ZOO - THE HITMAN I THEN KILLED -



EFFIE, IS DAN GREEN IN? PUT HIM ON... DAN, I WANT YOU TO MEET ME AT MIKE'S APARTMENT -



YOU TRUSTED DAN GREEN; OR SO YOU TOLD ME. HAD YOU TRUSTED HIM MORE THAN ME?

I THOUGHT THIS PLACE GOT TORN UP -



IT DID - I STRAIGHTENED UP, AFTER... THEY WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, DAN.

DOESN'T TAKE A HELL OF A DETECTIVE TO FIGURE THAT, MS.TREE - TELL ME SOMETHING...





WHY ARE WE MEETING HERE, INSTEAD OF THE OFFICE?

WE MIGHT BE GETTING INTO AN EXTRA-LEGAL AREA, DAN - AND AS LICENSED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COURT, WE CAN'T RISK PLAYING THAT GAME AT THE OFFICE.



I FIGURED AS MUCH. I CAN FIGURE SOMETHING ELSE, TOO: YOU'VE FOUND WHAT THEY DIDN'T -



SUPPOSE I HAD. SUPPOSE I'D FOUND A BOOK OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES - NAMES OF PEOPLE I HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF, IN TERMS OF MIKE'S BUSINESS OR HIS PERSONAL LIFE.



CONSIDERING AN ASSISTANT D.A.'S DEAD, I'D SAY THAT BOOK SHOULD BE TURNED OVER TO THE COPS -



IF I TOLD LT STEELE ABOUT IT, HE'D WANT THE BOOK - AND TO HANDLE THE INVESTIGATION HIMSELF.



AND YOU WANT TO HANG ONTO THIS HYPOTHETICAL BOOK - AND HYPOTHETICAL INVESTIGATION - YOURSELF, RIGHT?

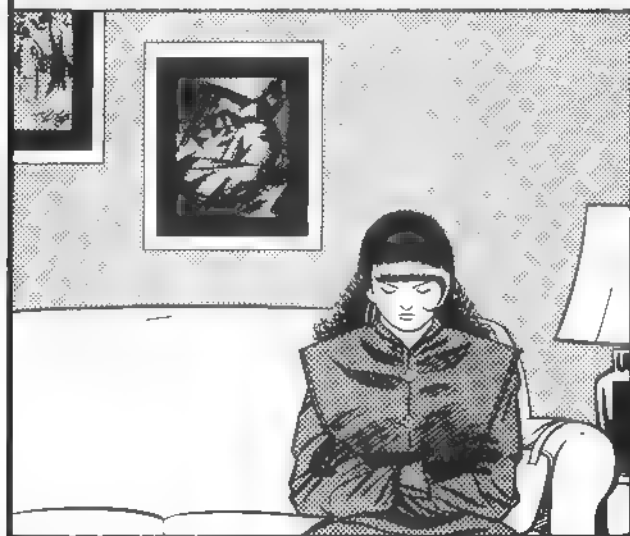


RIGHT.



THEN DO IT WITHOUT ME. I WISH YOU LUCK, MS. TREE - BUT I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE - SOMEBODY SHOULD...

DAN WAS RIGHT - HE WAS COVERING FOR ME AT THE AGENCY, AND EVEN AS HIS BOSS, I COULDN'T EXPECT MORE...



AND IT SEEMED APPARENT HE'D HAD NO PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE ADDRESS BOOK - YOU HAD KEPT THAT FROM DAN JUST AS YOU DID FROM ME -



ISN'T THAT GREAT NEWS? YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME WITH THIS, BUT YOU DIDN'T TRUST DAN EITHER - SO I SHOULDN'T FEEL BAD...



GODDAMN YOU, MIKE. DAMN YOU FOR KEEPING THIS FROM ME -



DAMN YOU - DAMN YOU FOR..



DYING.



I STARTED WITH PAGE ONE OF THE BOOK - WHICH WAS ALPHABETIZED. YOU WERE NOTHING IF NOT METHODICAL, MIKE -



THE FIRST NAME WASN'T A PERSON, IT WAS A BUSINESS - APPLE DETECTIVE AGENCY - A RUNDOWN OFFICE BUILDING IN A BLOCK THAT RAN TO FLOPHOUSES -



NOT A PRESTIGIOUS AGENCY, IT WOULD SEEM - CONSIDERING I WAS IN THE SAME BUSINESS AND HAD NEVER HEARD OF IT BEFORE; BUT PERHAPS YOU SUBCONTRACTED SOME WORK HERE, MIKE -



IT WAS JUST A SMALL SINGLE ROOM - NO OUTER OFFICE - NO RECEPTIONIST - NO SECRETARY -



JUST THE DETECTIVE WHO RAN THE PLACE -



ROGER FREEMONT. THE OPERATIVE WHO'D BEEN WITH OUR AGENCY THREE YEARS, ONLY TO BE FIRED BY ME THE DAY AFTER YOUR FUNERAL, MIKE - WHEN HE GOT INSOLENT.



HE HADN'T CHANGED.



NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TOO,
ROGER - I SEE YOU'RE
DOING WELL.



SARCASTIC BROADS GIVE
ME A PAIN IN THE ASS.
TAKE A HIKE -



MAYBE I HAVE SOME WORK
FOR YOU. MAYBE I WANT
YOU TO COME BACK TO WORK
FOR ME.



LOOK, MRS. TREE OR MS. TREE OR
WHATEVER THE HELL - I GOT A NICE
LITTLE BUSINESS STARTED HERE,
SINCE LEAVING YOUR EMPLOY -
STARTING AT THE BOTTOM, MAYBE,
BUT...



HOW IS IT THIS BUSINESS YOU STARTED
AFTER I FIRED YOU IS LISTED IN THIS -



THIS BOOK OF ADDRESSES
MIKE HAD ON HIM THE
NIGHT HE WAS MURDERED -



I THOUGHT MAYBE MIKE
MIGHT'VE KEPT SOMETHING
LIKE THIS. LOOK - WE
BETTER TALK. SIT DOWN...



ROGER -

A SILENCED BULLET - FROM THE ROOFTOP ACROSS THE WAY, LIKELY - A RIFLE, NO DOUBT -

THE BULLET HAD GONE THROUGH ROGER - I WAS LUCKY I DIDN'T GET SLOPPY SECONDS -

ROGER WAS LUCKY, TOO - HE WAS STILL ALIVE -

AMBULANCE - GUNSHOT WOUND IN CHEST - BRADBURY BUILDING, SUITE 714 - HURRY!

CHICK STEELE CAUGHT UP WITH ME AT THE HOSPITAL -

WE FOUND AN EJECTED SHELL ON THE OPPOSITE ROOFTOP - AS YOU SUSPECTED. BUT NO WITNESSES.

AND I COULDN'T PURSUE WHOEVER IT WAS - HAD TO STAY WITH ROGER.

HOW IS ROGER?

COMA I WAS JUST LEAVING.

SOME OF THE NAMES IN THE BOOK DIDN'T SEEM TO BE BUSINESS-RELATED - ONE, AT LEAST, SEEMED TO BE PERSONAL - A RELATIVE...



ANNE TREE. A SISTER? AN AUNT, A COUSIN, PERHAPS. SHE LIVED IN A QUIETLY MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE SUBURBS -



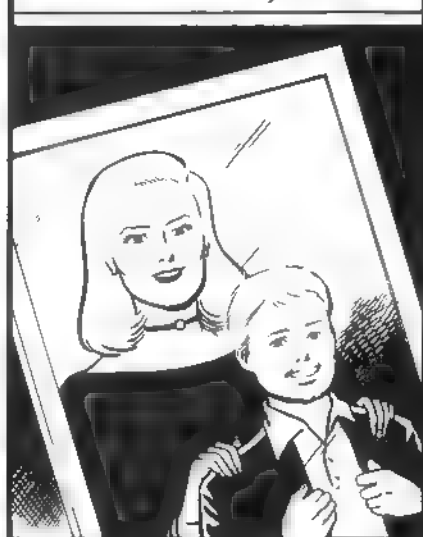
AFTER WHAT WENT DOWN AT ROGER'S OFFICE, I HAD GONE ON TO THE APPARENT RELATIVE, TO GET HER OUT OF THE WAY, TO RULE HER OUT -



BUT NO ONE WAS HOME LIKE ANY GOOD DETECTIVE, I FOUND A WINDOW TO PEEK IN...



THE WOMAN AT THE CEMETERY - THE WOMAN WHO LEFT THE FLOWERS ON YOUR GRAVE, MIKE -



LADY - WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'? WHO ARE YOU?

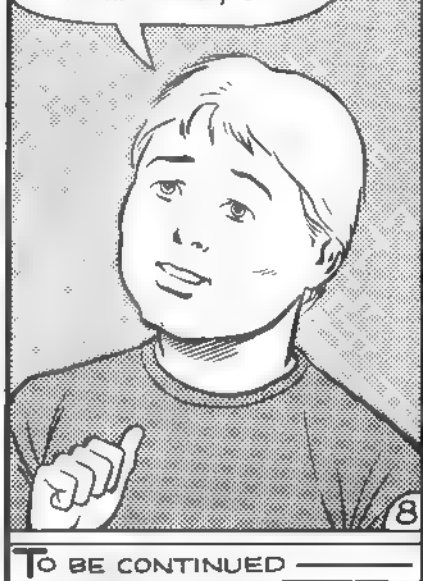


MY NAME'S MICHAEL TREE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

ARE YOU KIDDIN' OR SOMETHING, LADY?



THAT'S MY NAME - MIKE TREE, JR.



TO BE CONTINUED

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Dear Dean,

I've just received *Eclipse* #2 in the mail a few days ago. I must admit I'm truly impressed with the various talent you have featured in this book. If you keep this up, alternative publishing just may keep the industry going in the future.

I've never seen Rick Rabbit before, but Steve Leialoha's *Kleptos From Outer Space* was marvelous. The artwork was just right: one of the few times I've been able to distinguish one funny-animal character from the other—without Steve's having to resort to gross caricatures. The story flowed along from one idiosyncrasy to another without reaching for any staid jokes. And the lettering—hey, with the Orz, you can't go wrong! (And that credits box on the last page was a nice addition.)

However, I hope I don't have to see too many more funny animal satires, okay? The whole vein is starting to wear thin.

The *Ernie Kovacs* story was nice, although a bit predictable. Ken Steacy's art complimented and added to the story's impact, giving a claustrophobic feeling that was only hinted at in the text. It was a perfect pairing.

The first part of *Coyote* looked pretty good, but nothing much was explained. From where the first part ended, I get the distinct impression that you took as many pages as would fit, slapping a "continued" caption on the last page. It is good to see Englehart and Rogers working together again, though.

However, the McGregor-Graham story only increased my apprehension about arbitrary cut-offs. I mean, *What's the Little Blond-headed Guy Doing Here?* was one of the best stories in the book, if not the best. McGregor's captions and dialogues were simple and direct, low-key yet intriguing, a far cry from his usual narrations, imagery and soliloquies. Not that I never liked them (I loved them!), but his handling of the script was perfect for this story. Billy Graham's graphics beautifully complemented that story, saying many things about the little blond-haired guy that couldn't be said in the script. (And, since I've read Don McG's *Dragonflame*, I'd wager that this story is a bit auto-biographical as well, no?) Looking back on this effort, I think it has to be the best story in the book.

But... only three pages?!!!! And those three pages only tell half a story. Again, I get the feeling something was cut out to meet space requirements. As far as I'm concerned, it's unfinished.

I'm going to reserve comment on Trina's adaptation of "Dope," mainly because the first installment was only four pages. I blinked once, then I was done reading it. Way too short.

It's great seeing Gerber and Mayerik again (and a correction: they last collaborated in 1977 on the one-and-only *Howard the Duck Annual*, not 1973 as you said). *Role Model* moved quickly away from stereotyping (I mean, TV censors as prudes was a bit much... at first) to a pretty bizarre, suspenseful story. Val's pencils lent a nice, eerie atmosphere to this story. It's too bad we all have to wait until next issue before the weirdness really starts.

Howard Cruse's *Quick Trim* was funny, entertaining, and even a bit thought-provoking, as all his strips are. And Rick Geary! My God! Keep these two guys working for you, please!

Last but definitely not least. *Ms. Tree* is definitely shaping up to be a suspense-filled, quick-moving, and vastly entertaining serial. The Collins-Beatty team's background in mystery stories is definitely serving them well here. This series is a great way to end the book.

Eclipse is the best new comics magazine I've seen in too long a time. You guys have something good going here. Don't give it up!

Mark Steven Long
 2928 117th Street
 Toledo, Ohio 43611

(You're not the only reader who thought the Don McGregor/Billy Graham story was cut short. It wasn't necessarily a story in the traditional sense, but rather, a "slice of life" episode; just a small scene taken from a night on the town. And as such, there wasn't supposed to be any "dramatic" conclusion. Just a slice of life. But it seems as though, judging from reader reaction, it wasn't quite successful in those terms, and I take the blame for that. You should be interested to know, however, that the Little Blond-Headed Guy and his pal will be resurfacing in *Eclipse*

every couple of issues. Both Don and Billy are hot on doing more stories together, and I'll be sure to give them the room they need. —D.M.)

Dear Dean,

Eclipse #3 arrived today and the magazine is certainly starting to establish an identity of its own.

The cover by John Pound displayed a good sense of color, but what's a science fiction cover doing on a magazine that isn't science fiction? I think your covers so far have been misleading. Why not have the covers relate directly to one of the stories?

The second part of *Coyote* has me hooked. The first part left me a little baffled but here we have the beginning of a solid story complete with Englehart's solid characterizations. Marshall Rogers' art appears to be getting more complex and more simple at the same time. There is no one in comics who comes close to matching his expert use of zip-a-tone—essential for a B&W story, and his layouts are much easier to follow than those in the first part of the story. He's doing great things with silent panels, getting across a lot of characterization solely with facial expressions.

Vamp Dance by Kaz is really innovative and until I read in the Contributor's Page that he's from New Jersey, I thought he was from Europe. His art has that intelligent feel to it.

I think you did a disservice to Gene Colan with the printing of *Ragamuffins*. There were spots in which I could barely make out what was happening. If you can't get pencilled artwork to reproduce well, don't print it. From what I could see, though, Gene did a great job of capturing the flavor of the story, which is one of Don McGregor's best efforts. Don's statements about people and life come across so much better in realistic stories than they do in a fantasy milieu. And that run near the end gave me the creeps. I went to a Catholic school and remember that oppressive authority all too well!

Charles Vess' *A Bag Full of Dreams* was beautiful to look at, but I don't like wordless stories. (Okay, there were 18 words in 4 pages but they weren't really part of the story.)

Hunt Emerson's *Large Cow Comic*: what? I'm not sure what's going on in this story but the visuals are fascinating! I see that I guessed correctly this time—he is from Europe.

I never like Trina Robbins' artwork before seeing *Dope*, but since she's been putting detail in her panels, my opinion is changing. The simplicity of her style fits the storyline perfectly.

Steve Gerber's conclusion to *Role Model* was a disappointment. While I can't fault the script—Steve's too good a wordsmith—I don't see why he needs to take things to such an extreme. The story would have been interesting without going to such lengths as having a creature conjured up from a book of spells. Val Mayerik's art was good, but I don't think the story deserved two parts.

Because... so?

The third chapter of *Ms. Tree* is another success for Collins and Beatty. This series is definitely my favorite in *Eclipse*.

Anthony Guerriero
 136 East 71 St.
 Brooklyn, NY 11234

(Our covers will soon be more closely reflecting the contents of the magazine, beginning with issue #6 which will feature a painting of *Ms. Tree* to coincide with the double-length, 16 page conclusion to the series. Incidentally, shortly after the denouement of *An Eye for An Eye*, *Ms. Tree* will be getting her own magazine, debuting next spring.

The three *Vamp Dance* pages by Kaz, for your information, were originally printed in *The New York Rocker*, not in any European magazine.

I couldn't agree more with you that the printing of Gene Colan's pencils on *Ragamuffins* was not up to par. Since *Ragamuffins* will be a semi-regular feature, we've taken steps to insure that Gene's pencils will reproduce better in issue #5.

Well that's it this time around, folks. Next issue look for more comments on *Eclipse* #3 and new comments on #4. See you in 60 days. —D.M.)



CONTRIBUTORS

Terry's underground—*Mod*, published by Kitchen Sink—has been released, and he continues his comic strip parodies, "The Phony Pages," in *The Buyer's Guide*. He's also working on a story for *Dr. Wirthim's Comics & Stories* and Kitchen's upcoming *Bop*.

Max's Nolan crime series continues with the 5th novel, *Hard Cash*, scheduled for release in December. In connection with *Dick Tracy's* 50th anniversary, Max was interviewed on *Goodmorning America* and the network news programs, and a television star was born.

Hunt Emerson's debut in our last issue served as a well received introduction for many to this Britisher's work. Emerging in this issue's *Kontiki* is one of the many characters Hunt is well known for in Europe—Alan Rabbit, sometimes known as Bill the Bunny.

Steve Englehart's novel, *The Point Man*, has according to its publisher, Dell, nearly sold out its first printing in the first weeks after its release. He's working on his second novel as he also refines the script for the upcoming full-color mini-series to be published by Eclipse.

Rick Geary continues as a mainstay in *National Lampoon* and does a regular feature for *San Diego Magazine* called "San Diego Sketch Book." He also self-publishes many mini-books. Contact him at: P. O. Box 99835, San Diego, CA 92109 for ordering information.

Billy has, at one time or another, worked as a magazine illustrator, stand-up comic, singer, comics artist, film reviewer—and continues to write new plays. His most recent comics-related work appeared on the premiere cover of *Starlog's Comics World*.

Don is expanding his sequel to the highly successful *Sabre*, which Eclipse will publish as a 6 issue full color comics series early in 1982. Don is also editing a magazine about silent film comedian Buster Keaton, which Eclipse will also publish in association with Buster Keaton Productions.

Carl Potts is a freelance artist who spends much of his time doing advertising work in New York. His 48-page serial—*The Last of the Dragons*, which he plotted and pencilled—will soon be seen in *Epic*, and most recently, one of his paintings was used in *Savage Sword of Conan*.

Born in San Francisco, Larry Rippee's comics work has appeared in *San Francisco Comic Book*, *Corporate Crime*, *Arcade*, *Dope Comic* and many others. His "Rippee's Newsbriefs" appeared weekly in the *National Echo of Penang*, Malaysia, and he's currently working on a piece for *Comixes From Mars* #4.

Trina is collaborating with cat yronwode on a book about women's contributions to the comics industry. Anyone with useful information—particularly about women comics artists of the 1940s—should contact cat, at: Route 2, Box 625, Willow Springs, MO 65793.

Marshall Rogers recently returned from a successful autograph party/art display for Eclipse #3 in San Francisco, and will soon be moving to a new studio in New York with the Eclipse staff and a number of freelance artists. His sixth, and final issue of *Dr. Strange at Marvel* will be released shortly.

Jim Sherman works out of the Upstart studio in New York City and has illustrated various comic books including *The Legion of Superheroes* and *X-Men*. Aside from comics, Jim keeps himself busy with advertising and media-related art assignments.

Alex Simmons' *The Demon Chronicles* is adapted from the syndicated radio series which he writes and directs. When not working on the series, he displays his talents as a singer, actor and "voice-over" announcer around New York's cabarets and theaters.

BEATTY

COLLINS

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